THE DEBATER

MIDYEAR • NUMBER • 1919

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

H.M. BARTON — 1920

The W. H. S. Debater

Published by Students of the Senior Class
WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
WAKEFIELD, MASS.

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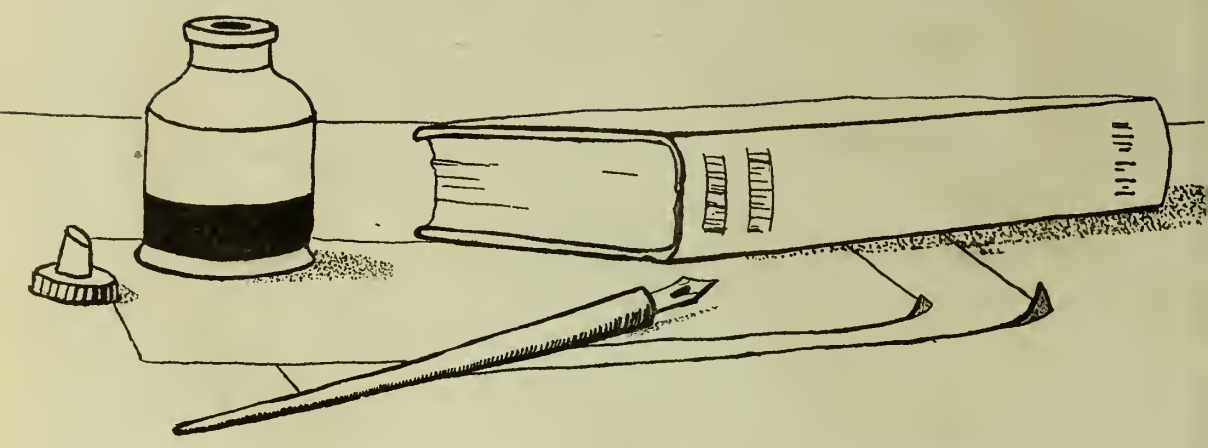


During this year of world changes, Wakefield High School has not escaped losses, and in the passing of Mr. Charles H. Howe, its foundations rocked. Having been identified as principal for nearly a quarter of a century, he had seemed inseparable from the school; and many, both teachers and pupils were indebted to him for kindly interest and assistance.

Though by far the greatest, this loss is not the only misfortune with which the school was visited. Earlier in the year, the school was stunned when it heard of the sudden death of one of its most popular and efficient teachers, Helen W. Poor. Her place will never be filled, but we still feel the influence of her sympathetic, sterling nature, and her free-hearted generosity.

* * * * *

So many and varied are the events that have occurred since last the Debater was issued that it would be impossible to speak of them all in these columns. The carnage in Europe has run its course; boys have gone out from our midst, some never to return; others the school looks eagerly forward to welcoming. Heavy is the toll of those who have paid the supreme price, but Old Glory has come out of the fray still flying, and America and Democracy have trodden down forever, we hope, the law of German Kultur.

But, although we exultingly cry, "the war is over," a sober second's thought makes us realize how great is the confusion and chaos in which the world lies. Nations, rid of the yoke of autocracy have fallen into the hands of uneducated, untrained men. The thousands of ignorant people so suddenly released from the shackles of a monarch and without the leadership of firm, clear-thinking men, have turned to mob rule and anarchy.

Such nations need the steady guidance of clear-sighted men to rescue them from the rule of the mob and to educate the people until they have reached that state of poise which will enable them to be self-governing.

We can see that this guidance must come from those democracies that have been through the fire and have come out victorious. America's part will be great; not for a year or two only, but for the coming years and generations. And to educate and raise the morale of others, we must see to it that we keep our own ideals high and unselfish.

Never had the world so great a need of educated men and women as now. To the boys and girls of today the call for Higher Education is issued, and as true Americans let us respond to it.

* * * * *

The Debater extends a cordial welcome to Mr. George C. Dickey, acting principal of the High School. Mr. Dickey had been submaster of the school for a year and a half when, by the death of Mr. Howe, he

To the Memory of

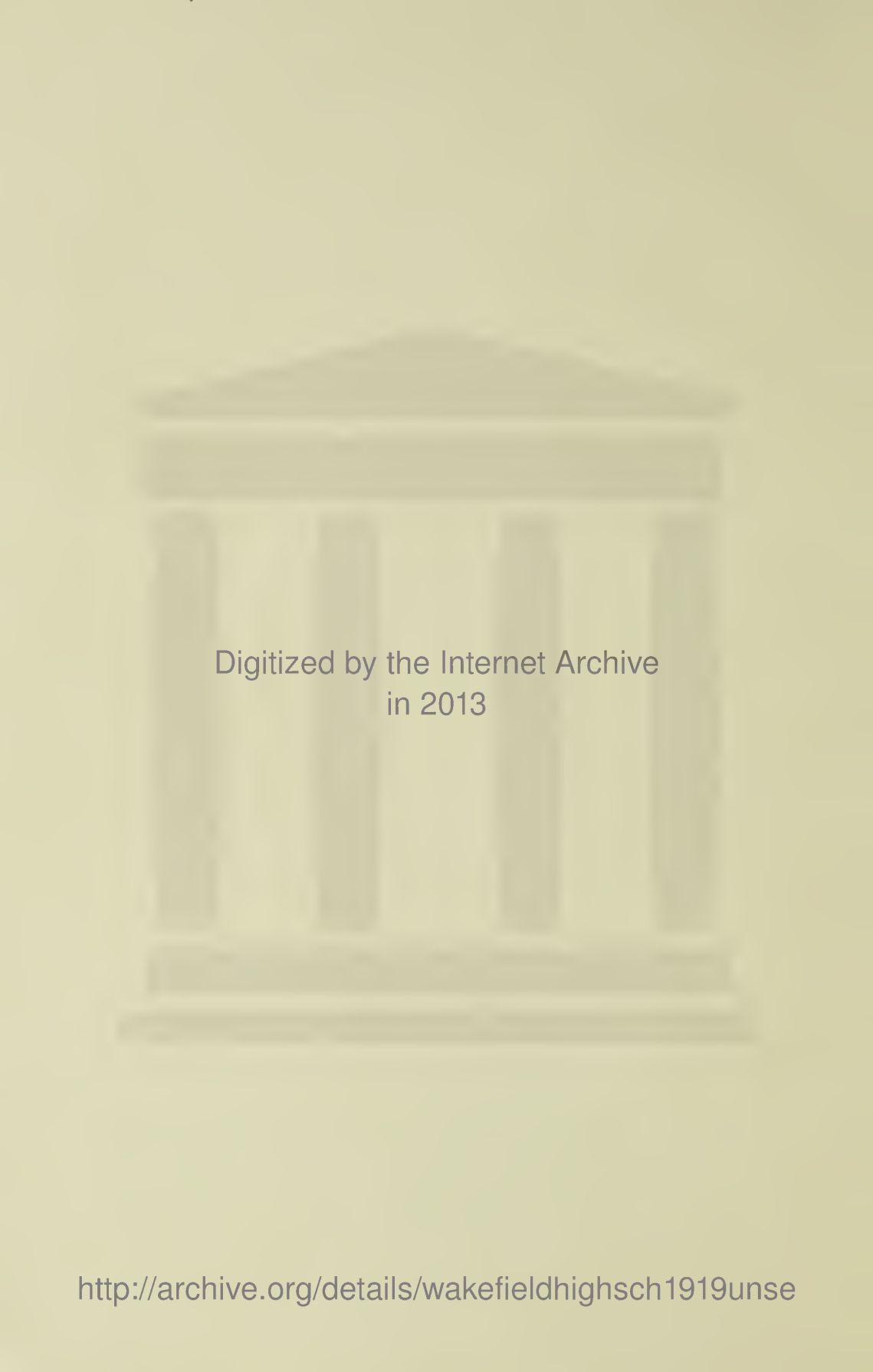
MR. CHARLES H. HOWE

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY
YEARS PRINCIPAL OF THE
WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

and to the Memory of

MISS HELEN W. POOR

LONG ONE OF ITS LEADING
TEACHERS
THE DEBATER IS
RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED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was called upon to fill a most difficult position. He has shown so much interest and tact in discharging all the duties of his trying position that he has won the good-will and respect of both teachers and pupils.

* * * * *

Do we realize how much we owe to all of our teachers?—how very far their wisdom and help carries us on our way? Their unselfishness is daily before us and their assistance is invaluable, but their unconscious help and influence must not be forgotten. In after years, in the school of experience, we shall have learned to appreciate even the value of their rebukes.

It is not too late now to show this appreciation in the practical way of giving attention in class. Let us, therefore, begin at once, while we may, to express our gratitude to those who have patiently endured our faults and follies, for the past three years.

* * * * *

At last, after fourteen years, our high school has been allowed to have a football team. It was not possible to arrange a baseball schedule, and in order that we might have one fall sport, the school authorities permitted the renewal of football. Through the efforts of the girls who sold tags, we collected one hundred and eighty-one dollars and bought uniforms, footballs, etc. Although we started with a weak team, made up of all raw material, we developed a very strong one, which proved its strength in the last games of the season.

Much credit is due Coach Raymond P. Dower, who gave his time, thought, and energy towards developing our team. It can well be said that the Wakefield High School had the second best team in the Mystic Valley League. Next year, with some of our veterans, we ought to have the best.

* * * * *

The Debater extends its sincerest sympathy to the many classmates who have lost dear ones during the past year.

* * * * *

To the class of 1922 the upper classmen extend a hearty welcome, wishing them the best of luck throughout their high school course. We give them a word of advice: Make the best of every day.

Honor before honors.

* * * * *

The work of the Junior Red Cross has been most successful. The tag day was a great success, netting about $500. This included all the schools in town, while the high school alone raised about $100. All who helped to make it a success are to be commended.

We all know of the many ways of helping in this good work such as gathering the peach stones and tin-foil, the knitting of different articles, and the sewing which, to be specific, means property bags and kit bags. In reference to the sewing, it might be said that it is as important as the other work. This is a fact which some do not seem to realize judging from the attendance at the workrooms. The work is easy and pleasant and there is work for everyone to do. A much larger number of workers can be accommodated at the rooms and surely there are more who can come. Help is needed, for our work is not yet finished, though the fighting has ceased. The articles which are being made are very necessary, such as warm garments for the Belgians. Are we going to fail now, when the need is so great?

* * * * *

Is Wakefield to have a memorial to the men in service who so unselfishly offered their lives upon Freedom's altar? Twenty-six men have made the supreme sacrifice and many others would have gladly done so, had it been their lot. Shall our gratitude be shown only by a word, parade, or an occasional newspaper comment; or shall we establish a firm and lasting memorial to those men to whom we owe so much? We would suggest that such a memorial take the for of a room in our Town Library. Such a memorial would keep alive in the minds of old and young the debt we owe our soldier boys.

* * * * *

We wish to sincerely thank all those who have made this issue of the Debater possible. The year has been a particularly trying one, but in spite of many handicaps, the pupils have shown unusual enthusiasm. Much credit is due the business managers who have so competently looked out for the financial affairs of the Debater. Considering our handicaps, we beg the lenient opinion of the public, and offer this issue as our little bit for the High School.

HELEN W. POOR

Died October 26, 1918

AN APPRECIATION

In the death of Helen W. Poor, who was for twenty-two years a teacher in the Wakefield High School, not only the school and the community in which she lived and worked, but the educational world has suffered an irreparable loss.

Miss Poor was born fifty-seven years ago of old New England stock in Derry, New Hampshire. She was educated in the schools of her native town and state, and at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Of high principle and strict integrity, she was most democratic in her sympathies, yet would never tolerate the least deviation from right standards of living and thinking.

Her spirit of helpfulness increased with the passing of the years. This was most marked during the last months of her life. She was indefatigable in her efforts to help the "boys over there," and many a cheery, helpful letter was sent to some lonely soldier lad across the seas.

Miss Poor had an inquiring type of mind. Her interests were varied, and it can truly be said of her that she knew many interesting things about many interesting subjects. Her clever conversational powers easily made her the center of any merry-making in which she had a part. She could always match a good story with one better, but for all sham and pretense she had a satire as keen and sharp as pointed steel.

It was in the schoolroom, however, that her influence was most strongly felt. A good student herself, she had little sympathy with intellectual laziness. If she aroused a wholesome fear in the mind of the dull and inattentive pupil, she was also the delight of those boys and girls who could follow her intellectual processes in the solution of difficult problems.

The work which she did, not only in preparing students for college, but in elemental mathematics, was thorough and exact; and it is not too much to say that the initiative, the power to think and to act quickly, shown by the boys of Wakefield on the battlefields of Europe is due in no small measure to the training that they received from Miss Poor.

ELIZABETH FRANCES INGRAM.

Note: Written for the Wakefield Teachers' Association.

MR. HOWE, THE TEACHER

Died December 20, 1918

It is not often that a school is called upon in eight short weeks to mourn the loss of two valued and well-loved teachers. Such has been the experience of our High School during the past year. Before we had become accustomed to the thought that Miss Poor had gone from our midst never to return, Mr. Howe, who had been principal for more than twenty years, also passed on into that mysterious, unknown room, the curtain of which had so recently swung back to admit Miss Poor. At first we could not understand. We saw him in his accustomed place in the morning, caught glimpses of him going through the corridors and up and down the stairs, and listened expectantly for his words of cheer and encouragement. But the days passed and we came to realize that only memories remained.

Much has been said of Mr. Howe, the man; but it was Mr. Howe, the teacher, that the boys and girls of Wakefield loved and honored. During the years that he was connected with our school, he watched it grow from a mere handful of boys and girls to a school numbering between five and six hundred students, and ranking among the best of the smaller schools of the State.

This remarkable growth was due in great part to the wisdom and the vision of the Principal, for Mr. Howe was truly a man with a vision; his understanding of what the public schools mean to the community and to the State was fine and deep. It was not enough that his school meet the need of today; but he was always reaching out to prepare for that larger demand which he saw in his vision of the world of tomorrow.

It was inevitable that the policy of such a teacher should be constructive. In the midst of the conflicting opinions of the educational world he was not driven about by every wind of doctrine. He aimed to keep a steady course, holding fast to what he found good in old systems, but ready also to adopt new ideas and new methods when they seemed adapted to his school and the community is represented. This is well illustrated in his attitude toward the classics in the high school curriculum. In the days when the reaction against the classics was greater even than it is today, he established the rule that if one pupil

only, wished to study Greek, he should have the opportunity, and this rule he never changed.

One secret of Mr. Howe's success was his intimate knowledge of and affection for the community in which he lived. He kept his finger, as it were, in the pulse of public opinion, and so far as he thought right he conformed to it, but if he felt that public opinion was wrong, he dared to disregard it. He showed so much kindness and good sense, however, in his opposition to the opinions of others that in most cases he won the respect of those who were opposed to him in matters of thought and policy.

One of the most difficult tasks Mr. Howe had to perform was the selection of teachers. Owing to the small salaries paid by the town, he was often forced to select young and inexperienced teachers; but he was quick to recognize ability, and the showy, self-seeking teacher seldom found favor in his sight. Under his wise guidance the young teacher soon gained her experience, and all too often left after a few years of service for a larger school at an increased salary.

This frequent change in the teaching force made the administration of the school at times very difficult. But Mr. Howe never complained. He used often to say that the Wakefield High School was a training school for teachers, and he was proud of the fact that his teachers were sought by educators from all parts of the State. Such loyalty on the part of the principal won the lasting respect and devotion of all who were associated with him in school work; and during his entire term of service no disagreement between principal and teachers ever arose that was not quickly and pleasantly settled.

The boys and girls, however, held the largest place in his affections. Their welfare was his chief care, to serve them was his highest pleasure. Within the walls of the old High School all were welcomed alike irrespective of race or creed, and he worked untiringly to develop the best in each. Many a boy can look back to quiet talks with Mr. Howe in his office, when subjects far removed from the school curriculum were discussed. Little did he dream at the time that he was skilfully being taught the worth of an education and that ambitions were being aroused that would lead to worthy achievement.

To Mr. Howe belongs that best of all tributes—he was a good man and he lived a good life. His unassuming, yet strong influence, like the delicate golden thread in the wonderful cloth of gold, was woven into the very warp and woof of our community life. Who shall say in what deeds of unselfishness it shall find its ultimate fruition?

ELIZABETH FRANCES INGRAM.

* * * * *

The Debater Knows:

That 1919 is the best Senior Class at W. H. S.

That certain members of the gentler sex seem anxious to participate in the football fray. What about it, girls?

That, considering its many handicaps, we had a good football team.

That Captain Ray Batten is some athlete.

That its mighty proud of "Jim" Brown, our classmate, just back from "over there."

That some of the Senior girls looked well in ribbons, and some looked like —!

That it takes Senior colors to make a Junior Party a success.

The Debater would *like* to know:—

What folks have against the Senior Class.

What happened to the Sophomore Party.

When we're going to have another track meet in Room I.

What Miss G—and "Mac" talk about, Monday, 3rd period. (Room I.)

What the Seniors think of rhetoricals.

* * * * *

At the W. H. S. White House, 1918—1919

President: W. F. Maguire.

First Lady of the Land: Not yet known. (Confer with Medford.)

President's Cabinet: O. Howland, R. Batten, R. Reid, L. Douglass, M. Neiss, M. Kelly, M. Sawyer, M. Anderson, I. Low.

Events of the Social Season:

Senior Party, Nov. 27, 1918

Officers' Party, Dec. 27, 1918

Reception, June, 1919

Military Department: Commander-in-Chief of the Army, C. J. Doyle. Grand Review and Prize Drill, May, 1919

SECRETARY OF STATE.

Who's Who Among the Classes

1919

President, William F. Maguire
Vice President, Ida M. Low
Secretary, Margaret Anderson
Treasurer, Leo F. Douglass
Ex. Committee Member, Oliver W. Howland, Jr.

1920

President, John Reid
Vice President, Frances Vincent
Secretary, Margaret Hurley
Treasurer, Earnest Frizzell
Ex. Committee Member, Wilbur Batten

1921

President, Charles Carr
Vice President, James J. Low
Secretary, Kathleen Loughlin
Treasurer, Harold Teakle

1922

President, Fred Grant
Vice President, Selena Kalaher
Secretary, Margaret Bucknam
Treasurer, Margaret Corbet

Some Seniors as Room I Knows Them

F. Maguire: "Mack"—Our President. "Now, Maguire!"

O. Howland: "Butts"—"The man of affairs."

M. Anderson: "Peg"—Our Secretary. "Peg of our hearts"

L. Douglass: "Doug." Football captain. Champion of the standing broad grin.

M. Kelly: "One of the twins."—Still waters run deep.

R. Reid: "Ralphie Dear,"—"No, that settles it. I said'**No**'!"

D. Woodman: "Dot"—This high school is so slow!

I. Low: "There's no reason why we **can't** do it!

K. Kelly: "Another twin."—She'd like to exchange the Exchange.

R. Batten: Track captain.—He doesn't say much, but oh my!

M. McLeod: "The hours I spent in study are as a string of pearls to me."

D. Prescott: "Dot."–"Learning, the pearl beyond price."

G. Clemons: "Maynard."—"I never let my studies interefere with my school life."

M. Duggan: "Marg."—Arma virumque cano! She loves Virgil.

R. Butler: Seemingly meek, but oh my goodness!

M. Heath: She's seen but seldom heard.

A. Doyle: "Al"—She loves football. N'est-ce-pas?

O. Bouvé: Does the moon shine? Ask Olive!

H. Achorn: The class live-wire, the pet of the Lab. Second the motion, Howard.

H. Hanson: Why roll your r's in Room 15?

D. Perley: Our artist.—We wonder why she takes Spanish?

H. Phillips: She's never alone in the "bus."

A. Burrage: "Giggles."—They're contagious.

H. Wilder: The doortender in Spanish IV.

L. Brown: "We saw her blushes come and go . . ."

L. Lofstrom: "Lil."—"Possessed with many smiles and sunny locks."

L. Blake: "There are smiles,—that make us happy —"

C. Doyle: "Doylie." "K–K–K–Katy!" "Give me liberty or give me death!"

F. Gove: He's from Lynnfield—Some place!

J. Gilson: He's learned to blush!

Pearson: History IV's politician.

Antunes: "And when I speak, let no dog bark!"

—A Seenyor.

Punctuate It

"A funny old man told this to me
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a ballgame out in the sea
I saw a jelly fish float up in a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see."

—Ruth F. Butler, '19.

LIEUT. JAMES G. BROWN

W. H. S. '19

FORMERLY OF

TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION

A. E. F. IN FRANCE

Tribute of the Class of 1919

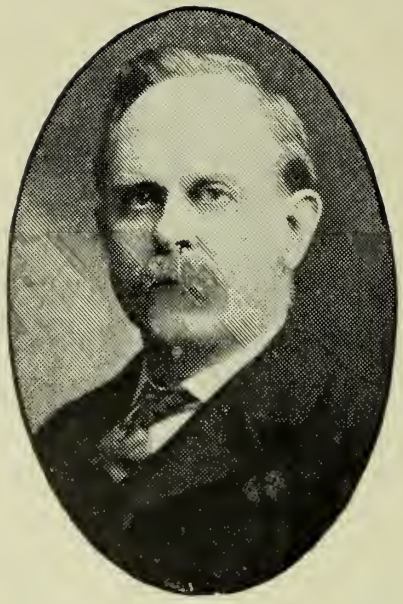
Oh,—lots of things have happened in the year just past,
Little things that pass away,—big things that last
But now the War is over, and the Game's been won,
We can't help feeling prouder for the part we've done.

Oh,—we don't know how to say it,—but we've missed him so
We were only Sophs in high school when we saw him go,
But now that we are Seniors,—we've a joy that's all our own
For we never can forget the day Jim Brown came home.

Oh,—he's back from all the horror, all the deadly battle harm
He came back a little older, with a wound stripe on his arm
And of all the boys who volunteered and went out from our town
There's only one we claim our own,—and he's Jim Brown.

Oh they lecture and they lecture on our studies and our school,
They tell us not to while away the hours and fool
But what really set us thinking, and made us settle down
Was his coming back to school again, our soldier boy, Jim Brown.

Oh, there are not words in which to say the things we feel
He stood the test and proved himself as true steel
Are we proud? You bet we are! of all the boys in town,—
But Seniors,—here's three cheers, for he's our own Jim Brown!



Ashton H. Thayer

DIED IN ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA MARCH 24, 1919

MR. THAYER was a member of the School Committee for twenty-eight years— from 1885 to 1913. For ten years he served as chairman, declining further re-election. For fourteen years he was treasurer of the committee. He was chairman of the Public Property Committee for many years, giving generously of his time in looking after the buildings and equipment. At all times he was consistently and aggressively a defender of the public school system, and an advocate of all things looking toward its betterment. He was fearless and out-spoken in his opinions, yet always sympathetic and courteous to those who differed from him. ¶ Mr. Thayer was a director of the Co-operative Bank and a former president of the Historical Society. He was actively interested in the First Parish, the Y. M. C. A. and many other organizations in and about Wakefield. In all these activities his conduct was actuated by high ideals and worthy motives. His decease is indeed a loss to Wakefield.

The Poet's Corner

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

She stands aloft, with torch held high,
Her torch, the light of Democracy.
She welcomes all from foreign shores
To the land of the brave and free.

When rosy morning's glittering hues,
Reflect on the sea and sand,
Liberty bids all welcome be
To our beloved land.

When lengthening shadows and deep'ning shades
Proclaim to the world 'tis night,
Radiant she stands, so wanderers may see
The path to Justice and Right.

'Twas the gift of France to this country of ours
A symbol of our mighty land,
Of Liberty, lighting the wanderer's way,
With a flaming torch in her hand.

—Ida Rae Esner '22.

TO THE COLORS

Our flag means more to us today
Than e'er it meant before.
It stands for freedom and for right
And peace forevermore.

See how its folds unfurl today;
It waves o'er land and sea,
It waves o'er boys on homeward voyage
Who fought for liberty.

Somewhere in No-Man's Land it floats
Where a mother's boy lies dead,
Who made for us the sacrifice
And suffered in our stead.

Let's wave that flag, that best of flags.
When asked to do our bit
And give our cash to help its cause
With gladness, zeal and grit.

—Emily S. Boody, '20.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

There is something gold cannot buy;
The memory of a day gone by,
A fairy land of flowers fair,
In my old-fashioned garden there.

Hollyhocks in a stately row,
By pathways of my garden grow,
And pansy thoughts of varied hue,
And violets of heaven's deep blue.

No fairy place on land or sea
That can surpass my memory,
Of my old-fashioned garden fair,
A fairy land of flowers there.

—Edith Lewis, '20.

Junior Class Alphabet

A is for Arnold with talent rare,
B is for Bird with bright red hair;
C is for Cummings our football stager,
D is for Draper the sergeant-major;
E is for everyone in our class,
F is for Fay, a sweet little lass;
G is for Goodwin a Greenwood maiden,
H is for Hanright with smiles o'erladen;
I is for Instance, I might surmise,
J is for Juniors who win the prize;
K is for Kirk, very good at speaking,
L Lally and Leach, the Juniors' Beacon;
M for McKie, and her expert ability,
N is for Nickols, and wireless responsibility;
O is O'Neil, a scholar in shorthand,
P is for Peterson with his musical hand;
Q is for Quimby, another bright member,
R is for Roach whom we always remember;
S is for Sweetser who comes from a distance,
T is for Taggart, who gives his assistance;
U is for You, reader, do not repent,
V is for Vincent, our vice-president;
W is for Wallace, who is not a dreamer
X, Y & Z is when our class becomes Senior.

Tilly Gersinovitch, '20.

HART'S HILL AT SUNSET

Up in the tower upon the hill I sat above the town,
In the sunset's glow and the twilight's hush
As the winds stirred the pines and then with a rush
Swept over the shimmering lake.

Around and afar spread the dark evergreens
And the lighter shades of the elm and the oak
And the whisper of trees with their various greens
Rolled down to the valleys and rose with hills.

Curving and winding its snake-like trail
The railroad ran to the north,—
And a light flashed up—as down the track came the night express
That swept along past the lake and was lost in the woods.

Then silence followed, and off to the south
The lights of Boston twinkled and danced
And a bluish column of smoke rose high
And faded again in the hues of the sky.

Another glance at the lake below,—
With its two little islands, silent, still,—
With the green on the shore and the rose in the sky,
And again to the north, like a silver mirror,
Another lake flashed in the cool twilight

Then to the east there were hills and hills
All green crowned and cool and dark;
And the town itself from where I stood
Seemed quiet too, and here and there
A light flashed up or died down.

Breathless, silent, wonderful, was evening above the town,
The sunset, the trees, the lakes, and the breeze
And who was there?—Only Nature and I.
An auto horn shrieked—then 'twas quiet again,
Then a sleepy bird cooed from its nest.

The sunset died, and cool night came—
And over the town a silence reigned
And the stars looked down and the bright moon rose
And I watched from the tower on the hill.

—I. M. L. '19.

THE MUSIC OF THE SKY

The stars of heav'n the choir make,
The moon their leader is;
In the calm of night
When all is still
The chorus they begin;
They lift the burden from earth's arm
And by their melodies
Keep earth in sleep.

—Greta Palmer '22.

A SOLILOQUY

I've missed a lot of things this year
Because of this old "flu,"
Parties, meets, and things like that
That any girl you ever knew
Would like to see.

At first I couldn't go about
For fear folks with it would be out
But then the tables turned,
And, to my great surprise I learned
I had the "flu."

But when this horrid thing is done
And influenza's had its run,
I'm going to have a poster made
In colors bright that will not fade
And framed and put up on the wall
Right in the face and eyes of all:—
"Beware the Flu!"

—Ruth Woodbury, '20.

In an effort to arouse the spirit of poetry, and to locate any possible talent in that line, Miss Elizabeth F. Ingram offered a prize to the winner of the best poem submitted in a contest open to the three upper classes. There were many verses submitted, which showed an unexpected interest in writing of this sort. The final decisions were made by Mr. Charles H. Howe, then principal. Miss Emily Boody, '20, won first prize and honorable mention was given Miss Ida Low, '19. Both poems may be found in the "Poets' Corner." They are "To the Colors," and "Victory Day."

VICTORY DAY

Over the trenches black with mud,
Over the barb-wired fields aflood,
Over the battlements broken and torn,
Showed the first white streaks of Victory Morn.

Into the darkness of No Man's Land,
Down to the farthest outposts stand,
A cautiously whispered word was sent
The message of Peace and all it meant.

Peace! while the German guns breathed fire!
Peace! standing two feet deep in mire!
Peace! the men silently shook their heads—
The only peace there was among the dead.

But somewhere a gleam of hope flamed up—
And somewhere a Yankee cheer went up—
And somewhere the guns began to cease—
And the word went round, it was really peace.

Back o'er the ocean, miles away—
Where the old New England cities lay
Wrapped in the darkness and silence of night,
A wireless message winged its flight.

Into the darkness a whistle blew
Louder and louder the shrieking grew,
Bells, horns, trumpet and blast
Rang out in succession quick and fast.

Up in the darkness before the dawn
Up in the silence before the morn
A nation awoke—exuberant, gay!
And rejoiced in the message of Victory Day.

But back in the trenches black with mud
Under the barb-wired fields aflood,
Remember the boys who have paid the price
And bought this peace with their sacrifice.

And never let us be satisfied,
But live for the ideal for which they died,
That Victory Day in years to come—
May be their work, and yours, and mine, well done!

—Ida M. Low, 19.

From Class Room—Over the Top—And Back Again

While a student in the Wakefield High School, I answered the call of our President for troops with Company "A", 6th Massachusetts Infantry on March 27, 1917. My first four months were spent at Fort Revere, Hull, Mass., doing guard duty and while here I was promoted to a sergeant. About the middle of July our regiment was mobilized at Framingham, Mass., only to be broken up in August. Fifty, including myself, were transferred to Company "A", 104th Infantry then stationed at Westfield, Mass. Here we had the usual camp routine until October 1, 1917 when we received orders to prepare for oversea's duty.

On October 4th, 1917, we left Westfield for Montreal, Canada, where we boarded boat, and after a beautiful ride down the St. Lawrence River anchored inside of Halifax Harbor. We stayed here a week awaiting ships from New York to complete our convoy, and in two more weeks we were in Liverpool, England. An all day ride south brought us to Southampton from where, three days later, we boarded ship once more for a fast trip across the English Channel arriving at Havre, France.

In France

Here we received our first introduction to the soldiers' Pullman—freight cars—and the little town of Sartes that was to be our home for three months.

This beautiful village was situated in the foot-hills of the Alps; and here we underwent a strenuous training period with a veteran French regiment. It was while here that I visited the birthplace of Joan of Arc some twelve miles away. On February 1, 1918 we completed our training and made preparations for our first trip to the front line. We had all been looking forward to it, were well trained, and were glad that at last we were going to face the Huns.

On February 5, 1918, our regiment (104th) went into the front in the Chemindes-Dames, my company in reserve; on the 16th we took the front. This very evening we received our baptism of fire when the Germans laid down a barrage on our front line and came over on the company on our left. Our boys stood the test and the Germans received a severe beating. The next night I was granted the privilege of going out on my first patrol with Lieut. Robart. Our mission was to inspect the barb-wire-

entanglements about seventy yards in front of our trench. A little after dusk we jumped up over our parapet, and what a wonderful sensation came over me, as I started on my first stroll in "No Man's Land"! It soon wore away, however and finding the wire O. K. we returned after being out three quarters of an hour. We remained in this sector until April 1, 1918, when we once more boarded our "Pullman" and a two-day ride found us in the "Toul Sector."

Here again our mission was to hold the line and although the "Boche" tried repeatedly to smash holes in it, we "downed" them for a loss each time. A great deal of patrolling was done in this sector and together with air raids, local raids, gas attacks, food difficulties, trench fever, cooties, and mud, we found each and every day full of excitement. It was for work in this sector that our regimental colors were decorated by the French Government, and we were rushed to the Marne to take part in the large counter-attacks at Chateau Thierry. My company, relieved the 6th Marines in "Bellau Woods" on the night of July 4th, 1918 and we spent our hardest eight day hitch here. Just outside the wood our first dead were buried, twelve boys from my company, and some one hundred and fifty more were wounded.

On July 26, 1918, I received orders to proceed to Army Candidates School from where, two months later, I graduated a 2nd Lieutenant in the United States Army. I was ordered to join Company "A", 126th Infantry, then at Verdun, and reported two days later. On the evening of October 8, 1918, orders came up for attack by my regiment at eight o'clock next morning.

My Last Day On The Battlefield

We launched the attack promptly at eight o'clock and fought the Germans back until twelve, capturing hundreds of prisoners. They had fallen back on a well fortified position and it looked as though they were intent to hold there. About two hundred and fifty yards separated the lines and my company was "laying low" in shell holes, awaiting order from Lieut. Millen, the company commander. We were being shelled severely and Lieut. Millen was seriously wounded. He was carried back to the dressing station, leaving me in command of the company.

Conferring with the Lieut. in command of the company on my right, we made plans for a frontal attack. At four o'clock I shot up two green flares, our signal for advance and started over with the first wave. We were forced through a heavy barrage besides facing the terrific machine gun fire from their line. The boys were cool and because of their faith in one another, never wavered. I got within fifty yards of two machine gun nests and could see four "Boche" with each gun. Six of us rushed the guns, our one thought to "get the Hun" before he got any more of our boys who were now dropping all along the line. I felt a burning streak in my left hand and knew I was wounded, but things were too exciting to bother about that then. I started my sprint on the last lap but the start was all I ever got for hardly had I taken five strides when I was wounded quite severely through the left hip, leaving me lying on the field. Four of the six boys captured both guns and speedily avenged the death of the fifth lad and the wounds of the sixth (myself). My company took the line and captured a great many prisoners.

By this time I bandaged myself up and aided by two slightly wounded lads started on a five-mile hike back to the dressing station. It was just thirty-eight hours from the time I was wounded until I was operated on and the bullet, which had become lodged in my back, removed. I was forced to remain in bed, but after a month I started walking about with the aid of a cane. On Friday, December 13, 1918, I left the hospital, although still convalescing, on the first stage of my journey back to the "Best Town." Christmas Day I boarded boat at Bordeaux and twelve days later set foot on American soil once more at Newport News, Virginia after being away fifteen months. From here I proceeded to Camp Devens, Mass., from where I was discharged January 18, 1919.

While I was convalescing my mind so often turned to my High School days and my class, and how I wished I might get back with them! Considering the matter, and chancing to my usual luck I figured if I could get back to the United States in January, 1919, I might complete my course with them, and was fortunate enough to return at that time. Through the kindness of the School Committee I am once more a 1919 student; and thanks to the High School faculty for their willingness to aid me in my studies, I shall graduate with my class in June.

From the time I answered the "Call,"

through the camp life in America, across the Atlantic and on the battlefields of France, I never forgot that I represented the 1919 Class of Wakefield High on the Field of Honor.

—James G. Brown, '19.

THE DOUGHBOY

Paul Rogers had gone. She had sent him away saying she would "never marry a slacker." These words wounded him deeply and he had returned to his little room in the Charles Street boarding house.

The first thing that greeted him upon his entrance to the room was her picture, with that sweet but strong face, that he had always before delighted to see, but now it hurt him.

He walked to the table and picked up the picture, sat down, and gazed hungrily into the beautiful face before him. Then he spoke quickly, almost savagely, "Kate, oh Kate, I know I'm a slacker, but I can't help it,—I can't. You told me it was a sure sign I didn't love you, if I were too much of a coward to fight for you. I never thought of it that way. I will go!" He finished with a sob that shook his strong body, replaced the picture and went out into the street.

After eight long months of unselfish service with the Red Cross in France, Kate returned to her home. She had heard nothing from him, whom she had sent away, until she received a small parcel, postmarked "France" and addressed in a hand that she did not recognize. She wanted it to be a message from him.

In the little box was a Croix de Guerre, resting on a scrap of paper on which she read, "Paul Rogers died today from wounds received while gallantly rescuing a comrade. He said he thought you would like the cross he won fighting for you."

—D. B. W. '19.

A STUDY IN THE "CLASSICS"

Variety is the spice of life; so goes the old saying, and in no case does this prove more true than in our high school and the inhabitants thereof. The latter consist of several elements and may be divided into four classes; Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen.

1922

The Freshman complies well with his name. He is generally "fresh" and pert of nature and most neglectful as to personal appearance. His hair *will* look as though it never felt the friendly caress of a brush, and his trousers have vowed vengeance on any semblance of an iron. A collar is a necessary evil, which he considers most unnecessary. He glories in camouflage to the extent of bringing home a dozen or so books which never receive his slightest perusal. His desk is a thing of beauty and a joy for never, plentifully littered with pencil shavings, "her" notes, bits of erasers and a box or so of elastics. Ambition is a thing unknown to him and school merely becomes a new variety of vacation, vastly interesting, and a pretty good way to kill time.

She, on the contrary, has entered the literary world and higher social circles and consequently is no longer a child. Her conversation is mixed with Latin phrases and she speaks before the mystified family of a2b(x plus y). She flaunts prodigious bows of ribbon on her curling tresses and her passion is dancing school. She carries on her correspondence by means of codes to the disgust of the Freshman boy, who, by the way, is disgusted merely because his curiosity as to said notes is not satisfied. Her main pastime is whispering which is not alone confined to the "fairer sex." In short, she is really, fairly grown up and has left her childhood days forever in the past to the tune of "Mica, mica, parva stella."

1921

A year goes by and now they are Sophomores. He suddenly discovers that Tom Brown, Senior President, wears scarlet socks, and immediately dons a pair. Then come checked suits, high stiff collars and wondrously brilliant stickpins. His trousers now frequently bear the imprint of an overhot iron and his hair lies plastered down with vaseline. Suddenly he becomes aware of the fact that a certain She sits just in front of him. He wonders vaguely what has happened to the freckles that peppered her nose when they were kids and in study hours he ponders upon the whiteness of the back of neck. Somehow, she seems to have just come into existence and has learned to glance over her shoulder in a manner which causes his collar to feel tight to the choking point and his head feel sort of queer. He suddenly dis-

covers that this is quite a world, after all, and that he is bound to be a large illuminating light in said world. And while he ponders thus, he finds that he has been looking at a bit of pink ear that peeped out between her curls.

A year has done much to improve (?) her. She talks of her class fraternities, girls' clubs, etc. and the prodigious bow is less conspicuous. In the presence of Seniors she moves with quiet dignity (?)—among her classmates she giggles eternally. She wraps herself in a certain self-possession and mystery that almost drives *him* to distraction. With the other girls she discusses secret affairs, in groups of twos and threes, who suddenly hush up, when he puts in an appearance. She is so absorbed in growing up that she gives little attention to the world or upper classmen.

1920

The Juniors consist of that portion of the school which is almost "there," (there, being the place occupied by the Seniors.) *He* has grown as to arms and legs—also as to dignity. He discusses track and baseball and wonders where he'll fit on the football team. If he should be on the dance committee his responsibility is great and overwhelming. He makes his "debut" in a dress suit with fear and trembling after giving the family an hour or so of torture getting him into it. His pumps either cram his toes so that he dances like a———well, you know, or flop about and almost drive him crazy. On the whole, his first night at a class social is one of the most trying ordeals of his life. He also discovers that more than one of the so-called "gentler sex" possess wondrous locks, mysterious eyes, and "peachy complexions," and he blandly wonders at his lack of observance in former days and consequently resolves to make up for lost time.

At the same time She has "grown up" and looks with condescending pity on "those childish Sophomores" and considers the Freshmen absolutely too babyish. She speaks with almost alarming indifference concerning the next dance and who "she may go with, if she feels like it," at the same time wondering if she'll get there at all. Her locks no longer trail their golden length adown her shoulders but are caught up with a variety of barrettes, combs and hair pins and she disparingly declares that "her hair never *will* look right." She quite unconsciously apes the Senior girls and is often blissfully ignorant of any such class. She makes her "debut" at the Junior Party as a full fledged society belle. She begins to talk of her "career," of college and boarding school. On the whole, she is sort of a "sub-deb" and self considered social star with a vast and wondrous future opening up before her.

1919

At last comes that portion of the school which "*has* arrived" and which consists of those who wonder what they have arrived at. Some creature possessing either an abnormal mind or so-called creative imagination, once spoke of the upper classmen as "dignified Seniors." Alas! his dream was never realized.

The Senior boy has lost much of his Junior dignity (?) except in case of necessity. While he is told to set the standard of the school, he determines to get as much out of life as possible and keeps his determination to the despair of the faculty. Girls and social functions bother him not-at-all (?) but he is haunted night and day by the spectre of a predestined event, when he must face the school on his fated day of Rhetoricals. His family wonders what manner of fever he could possibly be getting, for, as the long looked for day approaches, he is seized by an abnormal terror which threatens his general constitution. When his turn comes and his name is called, the room seems to swim in an inky blackness which threatens to envelope him; the platform heaves and rolls and he is almost suffocated by a sinking sensation in the region of his interior. Something seems to take possession of his knees and he rattles off something, he knows not what,—with dispairing eyes fixed on the top of the windows, far above the cruel gaze of his classmates. Later he laughs and declares that, "It sure was a grand and glorious feeling."

This ordeal over he rests contented (?) through a continuous ebb and flow of report cards, discussions on points and diplomas and wonders what the "deuce" is the use of slaving as he does for a confounded piece of paper tied with blue and grey ribbon.

His personal appearance now is faultless and the Sophs look up to him with a sort of fearful admiration and copy his every move. He has reached a position long

coveted and is only glad he is there because he won't have to go through it all again. Finally, it is his "grand finale" in which he can do naught but play his part and thank heaven and his lucky stars when its over. His motto is: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

And She! How we picture the Senior girl at the height of her glory! She *has* got got "there" and fully recognizes her position. She is so grown up that she enters a second childhood and walks into school on an appointed day, blissfully unconscious of her appearance, flaunting the prodigious Freshman bow. In fact she returns to her Freshman days in spirit as well as in looks. Sometimes she becomes a football fan or a baseball fanatic, to the sorrow of those who have her welfare at heart. She loves to fancy herself playing the role of "heroine" as she is daily acquiring knowledge of the mighty passions of the human heart. She sees herself in the vistas of the future as an accomplished college girl—but dares look no farther. Somehow, the centre of all her interest,—all her dream of dreams—the goal of all her ardent longings,—seems to be waiting for her when she passes the portals of the High, forever. She knows not what this dream may be(?) and merely waits for the inevitable. She looks upon the four years just past, and wearily sighs "what might have been." But when she comes to leave it all behind, she knows she'll miss it, even with the lure of the world beckoning her on, and later,—all she remembers is a blur of colors, a glow of brilliant lights, a group of white clad figures facing their "manly" classmates, and then a final farewell as she closely holds her diploma—the proof of her work in the little school world,—and her password on to the next.

—I. M. L. '19...

FACT AND FANCY

It was a scene from fairyland; this immensity veiled with silver and gold. The twinkling stars, high above that vast, quivering something of shimmering silver, always beckoned, trying to entice fancy to roam along that path of pure gold, which, starting at the base of the stern cliffs, led straight to the palace where rules the queen of night.

An indistinct form rose nearby and slowly grew clearer. Oh! it was a delicate being from the moon, with a luminous star shining on her forehead. Silently she beckoned me to follow, and the journey began. We climbed down the rough cliffs, down and down we went, until the water's edge was reached. There floated a large shell with a rosy dream for a sail, and we were soon crouched in it.

As there was a stiff breeze, it sailed swiftly along, rocking and tossing in the golden channel. After some time, we reached the place where the path led upwards. Then we started up for the wind filled the sail and lifted the boat.

On and on we sped, high above the clouds, through the vast spaces of the night, passing many curious sights. Now we were within a few feet of a brilliant star, now the milky way opened before us, and again a troop of fairy creatures shedding a golden light, approached to escort us into the presence of the great queen.

We were almost there, in a moment more we should be kneeling before her,—when crash! we were falling, falling, falling, splash! into the water. How cold it was! Suddenly I awoke, the cold water trickling down my face, and Mary Ann's cross tones ringing in my ears. It was 7.30 and school began at 8, so thus ended my trip to the moon.

—D. H. P. '19.

UNIFORMITY OF A SCHOOLGIRL

Have you ever stopped to think how the word "uniformity" may be applied to a school girl? Take, for instance, the subject of dress. If one girl starts the fad of wearing a certain colored sweater or dress, you will soon see more than one like it. No matter how red her hair, or how sallow her complexion, she is sure to put on that color whether it agrees with her or not.

Not long ago, short skirts came in style. Didn't everyone adopt that fad, although some were tall and slight, and others short and dumpy? Satin stripes running horizontally, were a craze, not long ago, and even the large people wore them, although they resembled an accordion.

Have you ever heard the slang expression: "I'll say so?" Of course you have! One person started it and so it went over the school like a flash.

One day the "Seniors" wore their hair

down their backs, with big splashy bows, as has been the custom in bygone years. It was hardly a week later before the pretty, little "Juniors" wore *their* hair down, too. The little mocking birds! (No hard feelings, Juniors!)

Take notice, hereafter, if you doubt my words, and you will see for yourself how one will mock another.

Moral:

Never start anything that you don't want every girl in the school to follow!

—Lillian V. Lofstrom, '19.

THE TRAVELS OF A CHRISTMAS GIFT

One day in the late fall, a young lady sat in her room sewing on a small silk bag which she intended to send to a friend for Christmas. A few days before the twenty-fifth, she wrapped the bag up to send away. Inside the bag, there was a tiny, flat pocket in which she placed a note wishing her friend a "Merry Christmas."

When the friend received the package, she thought, "The bag is very pretty, but it is just what I wanted to give to my cousin." So she sent it off to her cousin.

The cousin used the bag two or three times and laid it away, (as many Christmas presents are). The next Christmas she decided that there was not much use in keeping something she was sure she would never use again, and besides it just suited a friend who had recently been married. The bride gave it to a friend who gave it to someone else; until in the course of time, the bag came back to the maker.

The lady thought it looked rather familiar and when she found the note (for no one else had found it), she knew it was the same bag that she had made several years before.

I am sure I do not know what she did with it, for my story ends here. Perhaps she gave it away again.

—Helen Goodale, '21.

AMBITION

Ambition is abstract. It is a feeling throbbing within a person to reach a goal; that goal is undoubtedly a noble station in life. It is a power that may result in good or evil, a mighty power when curbed, but when unrestrained often results in evil. Every man can possess it, but every man does not. However, it is an essential weapon in the acquisition of the world of honor, respect, and noble position, but it is a keen weapon that often plagues the wielder. Ambition leads too many to employing a bad means for a good end. It stirs too many by its enticing allurements, which finally accomplish destruction and grief. Its force is mighty, but its restrainers are few. That is the abstract nature of ambition.

Every man must first have ambition before he can raise his hand to the accomplishment of a task, whether the task be great, or small; noble or wicked. It furnishes men in practical life with inspiration to accomplish something honorable. It provides the weak with the inclination to perpetuate evil. Therefore its scope is broad. It reaches the humble and the haughty. It inspires rich and poor alike. Therefore, let us conclude that ambition is a universal gift to all peoples, but though it is common, its nature depends on the personal use it receives. The man and woman who possesses this and wishes to make good in the world must go and work for it; this word *work* does not necessarily mean hard labor, but a strife for the goal one wishes to reach. One cannot sit down and have it come to him, but he must fight difficulties great or small, and overcome them.

No man has ever reached the stage of glory unless he used his ambition correctly. Look back, for a moment, and take into consideration Columbus, Washington and Lincoln. Columbus never would have discovered America if he had not been ambitious; Benjamin Franklin would not have discovered electricity if he had not gone out and flown his kite.

Ambition, in another way, is a mirror in which one may see himself at the goal he is trying to reach.

The Kaiser was ambitious or he never would have attempted the great crusade of trying to rule the world. His ambition brought destruction to the whole German nation. It was that brand of ambition that leads to a bad end. He could picture himself on a throne made of the wealth of his lands, and being worshipped as a god; he could see his empire stretching from England to the farthest corner of Russia, down to the toe of Italy. He could see Uncle Sam as his butler, supplying him

with food and rations, and paying tribute to his nation.

The Kaiser had been in this long sleep during four years, and when he awoke and found that his ambition should be made of sterner stuff, he threw up his hands and turned his empire over to the Allies. Let us conclude that ambition cannot be used as a toy to be played with, but must be used as a tool to further the welfare of mankind.

—Francis Maguire, '19.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE TWO AMERICAS

I wonder if, when we are speaking this language which we use now in America, we realize that there have been twelve hundred languages spoken in the two Americas. This number seems very large to us when we think of the few that are taken up in the schools.

The many tribes in these two countries have changed their vocabularies, but the identical method of putting words together has survived without any change. One striking characteristic is the frequency of long words, which is illustrated by the Aztec word, used for "letter postage"— "amatlocuilolitquitcatlaxtlahuilli", the literal meaning of which is, "the payment received for carrying a paper on which something is written."

By comparing and classifying, this great number of languages has been put together in a few great groups: the Tuméh group covers the northern part of the Rocky Mountains; the Aztec group has its seat in Central America and in Central Mexico; the Maya group has its seat in Central America and Yucatan; the Appalachian tribes include all those with whom the English and French first came in contact from the Atlantic to the basin of the Mississippi, and also the tribes of the northern part of South America; and finally the Amazonian tribes occupy a large part of South America.

So when you have one of those lessons in English grammar which seems to be so difficult, just think what it might be if those numerous languages hadn't been grouped together; then you will realize that the lesson isn't half so bad and can be done very easily with only a little good concentration and thought.

—Margaret Anderson, '19.

THE BLACK CAT

She was small and haggard looking. Her countenance revealed jealousy, wickedness, and ruthlessness. She possessed weird ways and owned a small garden patch upon which she fared. It was a question whether she was half-witted, or whether she had a sound mind. She doubted everybody, and judged them most foully. The neighbors frowned, and looked upon her with suspicion and awe.

Black Cat, as the neighbors called her, lived with a girl whom she had lured from her former home. This small girl was called Owlet. The old witch educated her in the rudest way, teaching her to deceive. lie, and abuse the surrounding inhabitants. The two gardened all day, and roamed about the country during moonlight nights, listening to the frogs, owls, and plaintive cries of distressed birds.

The old witch was dreaded by all in the village. She and Owlet would meander, toward dusk, along dusty roads, scaring children to such a degree that they'd flee, dropping their parcels or whatever they were carrying. This was one way in which she managed to live. Often times she'd procure a gun, put on a slouch hat, and would, with wizzled face, scare berry-pickers, who with great terror and shrill cries ran like idiots through the dense forest, leaving berries, pails, or clothing for Black Cat. She chuckled to herself, gathered them up and waited for her next attack. It was no wonder that she was feared. People would run past dark places on the road while the howls of the wind added to their terror. When they heard a snake gliding through the dry leaves or were startled by a toad, they'd let out smothered shrieks. If Black Cat were in the bushes, she'd stick out her head, moan sorrowfully, and she delighted in watching her victims hurry on.

One of her most evil doings occurred on a dreary night while rain was falling heavily. Previous to the storm the crows travelled in flocks, swine squealed, frogs croaked, and winds moaned.

The person whom she intended to intrude upon this night was a kindhearted Irish lady, who lived beside her. Black Cat's purpose was to get, with the aid of Owlet, the woman's treasures. She made plans with the girl and finally set out across the open space between the two houses.

The Irish lady feared staying alone that

night. She saw a black pigeon perched upon her sill, when the lightning flashed. This she knew was an evil omen, and being terror strickened, locked the doors of her gloomy dwelling, excepting the one on the south side of the house.

The Black Cat came hissing around the house, chuckling and muttering to herself, trying every door and at last gaining entrance on the south side. The thunder pealed louder and louder; lightning flashed, —then all was still for awhile. The hail stones pounded against the window, upon the sill of which was perched the startled pigeon. The stairs began to squeak as the old witch ascended with blood-shot eyes, in search of the treasure. As there came a second peal of thunder, she broke into the room. The Irish lady sat with withered hands, clasped over her thumping heart. She had time to catch sight of the horrible figure, with open mouth in which an ugly tongue was hissing between a few decayed teeth before the wind came through the open door, blowing the light out. In her haste, Black Cat dropped the coins which she had taken but she ran off with some shawls. She lost her balance however, and tripped while hurrying homeward, over a fallen tree. She finally reached her smoky apartment, stirred the sizzling embers and nursed her bruises. Nobody ever saw any traces of Black Cat. Finally some daring ruffians entered her home and found her dead. They believed her death was caused by the sore on the side of her head. The same day that the Irish lady heard of Black Cat's death, a pair of doves fluttered to her sill and cooed joyously.

The End

A SOUTHERN PLANTATION

In one of my strolls, one warm afternoon in July, I came upon a grass filled old road, which seemed to invite me on to see what secrets of olden days it possessed. Following this road, I passed by fields and woods where the birds were twittering and scolding.

Turning a corner, I came upon a large southern mansion with its acres of land, and its many buildings. The end of the grounds next to the road was inclosed by a high stone wall, with a large iron gate thrown open in front. The grass had grown around this gate and dirt from many storms had washed against it. I entered and walked slowly up the wide gravel path with tall drooping elms making a perfect archway overhead.

This path led directly to the mansion. It was a low building and, like many such homes, was white. Ivy vines were climbing on the stately pillars of the broad piazza, where so many parties had been held. There were a number of gables and a large cupola crowning all. I walked around the house, through the orchards with their drooping trees, overladen with their green fruit.

There was the kitchen, with its crumbling chimney, and I could just imagine the odor of pies and cakes that the old mammy had made.

Going through the grape arbors, I came to the servants dwellings. There were five or six low huts around whose doors many little pickaninnies had played.

But the thing of most interest to me, was the old fashioned flower garden. The honeysuckles, gladioli, china astors, and columbine, seemed to rejoice in their unkept state. Maybe the mistress or master had come out before some party to pick one of these for belt or button hole,—but the flowers lived on, even though unpicked and uncared for.

Following the uneven paths, that led under a white arch, covered with roses, I came to the stable. There were the large doors, through which so many shining carriages had been drawn by carefully groomed horses, to the door of the mansion. I followed the winding path that the horses had trod to the entrance, and turned for a last look at this southern mansion and grounds.

—Emily Boody, '20.

FACTS OF THE DRAFT OF 1917

Nothing has done more towards winning the war, than the passage of the Selective Service Law. Hundreds of thousands of men have been sent overseas to do their part in winning this world conflcit.

During the Civil War, a modified conscription bill passed Congress, and was in effect for a period of two years, but this could hardly be called a success. Men in this draft could escape it by the payment of bounties or hiring substitutes, which really tended to make it a means for adding inducements to volunteers. It was received throughout the country with an ill grace of riot and protest. It resulted in

the actual conscription of 46,347 men out of 776,829 men drafted for service. These are reasons why people saw a total failure of the Selective Service Law, which was enacted by Congress on May 18, 1917.

However, in the eighteen days intervening May 18 and June 5, a great administrative machine was set up. The governors of states, mayors, and officials of the counties were called upon to help. The system they set up comprised 4,000 registration boards with over 12,000 members, employing registrars, and assistants to the number of 125,000.

In one day the entire male population, between the age limits, presented itself at enrollment booths with a registered result of nearly 10,000,000 names. Within forty-eight hours practically complete registration returns had been assembled by telegraph, in Washington. On July 20, by a great central lottery in Washington, the first national quota of 687,000 men was drawn. By September 1, the Selective Service System was ready to deliver to the cantonments, a total of 180,000 selected men.

The total cost of the Selective Service System to the United States, was $5,211,-965.38, a cost of $.54 per registrant. The cost of a man accepted averaged $4.93. The cost per man called was $1.69. The cost per man per quota due was $7.59. This latter in Massachusetts was $6.02.

There is nothing more to the credit of the United States than the thoroughness and efficiency which was shown in the great task for which it was totally unprepared.

—Gardner Clemons, '19.

A DREAM

One night I was going home down Albion street, with a friend. We arrived at the corner of Albion and Railroad streets and stopped to say a few parting words. Just then we heard a lot of talking and listening a minute, we decided it came from the Corner Market Store. Then becoming excited and leaping upon the steps, I opened the door and entered followed by my friend. We found to our amazement the whole store in an uproar.

First, we tried to calm the combatants, but the attempt was useless; then we tried to find out how the argument began, and the only one who could give us any information was the *fairy* in fairy soap, and the story that she told is as follows:

It seems there were two old hams hanging on the wall and they began to discuss who would be sold first, and they made so much noise that a couple of *Cold Shoulders* who decided to get *fresh*, told them to keep quiet Then the four began to argue and this resulted in waking up the *hammer* who was asleep in the tool chest; he was so mad he threw *sawdust* in the *potatoes' eyes* and finished by knocking the heads off of the *nails*. The *saw* could not bear to see the hammer treat his friends this way, so he came down from the hook on the wall, and walked around angrily showing his *teeth*. He ran into the *mule* from Borax City, who became so excited that he kicked the *umbrella* and broke three of its ribs.

We arrived just as the *cheese*, who was very *strong*, was carrying the umbrella out of the back door. Then the *plane* tried to smooth things down, and when he failed, the sandpaper tried the same thing, but also failed. Then we decided to call the police, who upon their arrival, asked help from the *broom*, the *Gold Dust Twins* and the *Woman* in the Old Dutch Cleanser and in about one hour they had everything cleaned up, and the store was ready for business.

I suppose you are all wondering what became of the umbrella. It was sent to the hospital and had its ribs set, and later I had a letter saying it would be out the next good rainstorm.

—Francis Maguire, '19.

A SKETCH OF OUR SCHOOL

Eaton's "History of Reading," says, "It is a source of credit to the town of South Reading that it was disposed to establish a high school so early in its municipal course"——The high school was started in this town in 1845 under the name of South Reading High School, and its first principal was James F. Blackington of Attleborough, Mass.

This institution first met in the old South Reading Academy building which the town bought in 1847. The school house stood on "Academy Hill" where the Lincoln School is now. It may be of interest to note that this building is the present Grand Army hall. In 1860 a three-years' course was arranged and the pupils were divided into three classes. In 1863 the first class, numbering twelve received their diplomas, which were provided by Cyrus Wakefield,

Esq. July 1, 1868, when the town changed its name, the school became Wakefield High School. On April 3, 1871, P. H. Sweetser introduced an article into the warrant for town meeting by which the high school might be put into a larger building. A committee consisting of Cyrus Wakefield Lucius Beebe, Richard Britton, Oliver Perkins and George Packard was appointed to consider. May 1, 1871, the committee reported in favor of the immediate erection of a high school building. The town voted to do this and appointed this same committee to attend to its construction. The lot on the corner of Lafayette and Common streets, where the old Prentiss house stood, was selected. On this site was built the present "very ample and elegant structure."

This school was occupied by the Advanced Grammar Grades and the High School until the fall of 1896 when the grammar grades were transferred to the Lincoln School. The Advanced Grammar Grades used Room 10 and another recitation room on the first floor. The High School occupied the second floor and the "Chemical Room," which was Room 11, on the ground floor. The heavy wooden shutters in that room were used to exclude the light during some experiments. The third floor was an exhibition hall and there also was the pressure tank of water system. The building as it was originally erected did not have the wing that now contains Rooms 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, and 17. The part in which these are located was built in 1900. In the same year the commercial course was added to the routine of studies.

While this "structure" may have been "very ample" in 1872, it is certain that it is not so now, for the cramped conditions oblige the Freshmen to have a separate session in the afternoon. However, we hope that it will not be long before some pupil writes an account of the dedication of the *new* High School for the "Debater."

—Ruth Woodbury, '20.

OUR EXCHANGES

"Tiger," South High School, Minneapolis.

"Bison," McCook High School, McCook, Neb.

"Argus," Gardner H. S., Gardner, Mass.

"Sedan," Hampden Academy, Hampden, Me.

"Recorder," Winchester H. S., Winchester, Mass.

"Authentic," Stoneham H. S., Stoneham, Mass.

"Boston University Beacon," and "Bostonia," Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"Tufts Weekly," Tufts College, Medford, Mass.

Exchange Notes

"Tiger," South H. S., Minneapolis, Minne. Your school surely has done some commendable work for Uncle Sam.

"The Bison," McCook H. S., McCook, Neb. Your paper is among the best of our exchanges. You have our sincere admiration in publishing such an interesting school paper every week.

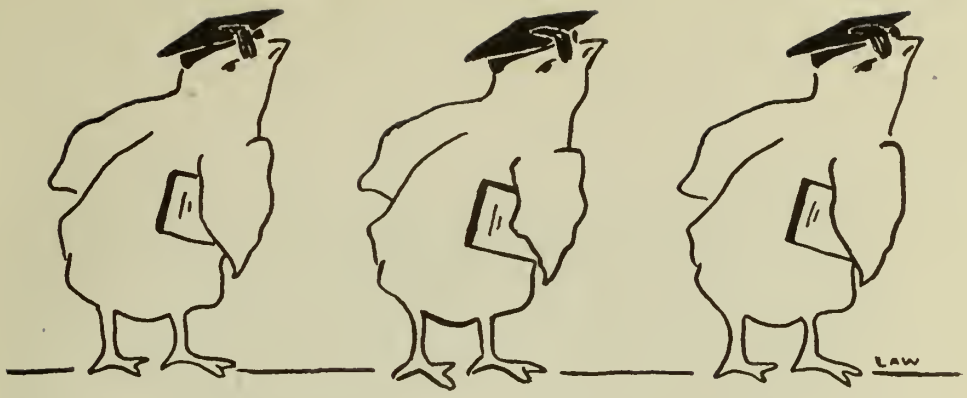
"The Argus," Gardner H. S., Gardner, Mass. Your literary department is very good. Your jokes are very clever and original.

"The Sedan," Hampden Academy, Hampden, Me. Your stories are very interesting. The "personals" with their sketches, add much to your paper.

"Recorder," Winchester H. S., Winchester, Mass. You may rightfully be proud of your honor roll.

"The Authentic," Stoneham, H. S., Stoneham, Mass. A few stories would add much to your number. You have an honor roll worthy of praise.

—Katherine Kelly, '19.
Exchange Editor.



ALUMNI NOTES

ALUMNI NOTES—CLASS OF 1918

Josephine Anderson, N. E. Tel & Tel. Co.

Helena Austin, United Shoe Mfg. Co.

Dorothy Baker, Mrs. Clarke's Shorthand School.

Rollo Baker, Boston & Maine

Helen Barber, Boston & Maine

Blanche Batchelder, Ashton Valve Co., Cambridge.

Ruth Bonney, Framingham Normal School.

Charlotte Boody, Mt. Holyoke College.

Joseph Brehaut, National Register Co., Boston.

Bertha Brown, Salem Normal School.

Ethelind Brown, Burdett Business School.

William Brown, Clarke Leather Co.

William Burke, Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.

Sarah Burwen, Bryant & Stratton.

Arline Carter, Bay State Office, Reading.

Walter Clements, Libby, Irving & Vose.

Timothy Collins, Tufts College.

Merrill Cotting, Heywood Bros. (office).

Albert Crabiel, Carley Life Float Co.

Frances Curtis, Oliver's Laundry (office).

Clifton Davis, Home.

Robert Dean, Jr., Boston University.

Margaret Desmond, Boston & Maine.

Cyrus Dolbeare, Boston University.

Raymond Drugan, Boston College.

Pauline Eager, Home.

Ethel Eaton, Boston Conservatory of Music.

Benard Esner, Boston & Maine.

William Finneran, Consolidation Coal Co.

Viola Friberg, Wakefield Trust Co.

Gladys Gerrior, John Hancock Insurance Co.

Jennie Gersinovitch, Cohen & Weinstein.

Helen Gould, Western Union, N. Y.

Cora Guarnaccia, Salem Normal School.

Gladys Hawkes, Aetna Insurance Co.

Nellie Hayward, Blood Grocery Store, Lynn.

Hildegarde Hendrickson, Boston & Maine.

Alice Heywood, First National Bank, Malden

Caswell Heustis, U. S. Marine, France

Doris Hillsgrove, Mendum & Richmond

John Hurley, Boston College

Mary Hurton, Textile Review Co.

Carroll Jacobs, Bay State Office.

Helen Jones, John Hancock Insurance Co.

John Kalaher, Lever Bros.

Lester Lewis, Mass. Institute Technology

Charles Locash, Wentworth Institute.

Olive Lunny, Factory Mutual Insurance Co.

Gaston Loubris, Paper Box Co.

Franz Lux, No report

Etta Magee, Bay State Office, Reading.

Howard Marshall, Boston Army Base.

Stanley Marshall, Boston & Maine.

Irene Mayer, Hood Milk Co. (office).

Mary McAuliffe, Eaton's Express.

Cecelia McCarthy, Sanitas Mfg. Co.

Gertrude Mellett, N. E. Mutual Life Ins. Co.

Roger Moore, Home.

John Murray, Express Office, South Station.

Philip Orme, Boston & Albany Railroad.

Leeman Packard, Wentworth Institute.

Ruth Peabody, Salem Normal School.

Dorothy Pease, Salem Normal School.

Herbert Rea, Norwich University.

Bertha Reynolds, John Hancock Ins. Co.

Edward Rich, Jr., Boston University.

Luella Sidney, Laskey Commercial College.

Dorothy Skully, Liverpool, London & Globe Ins. Co.

Evangelos Soteriades, Boston & Maine.

Harold Surrette, Portsmouth Shipyard

Mabel Thrush, John Hancock Ins. Co.

Arthur Tupper, Globe Printing Office.

Allston Van Wagner, Harvard Knitting Mill (office).

Sylvia Vint, Winchester Laundry (office).

Florence Westover, Hinckley & Woods Insurance Co.

Everett Wilkins, Mass. Inst. Technology

Elizabeth Winkler, Aetna Insurance Co.

Bernice Young, Mercantile Reference & Bond Association.

—Gladys Purdy, '19.
Alumni Editor.

CROSS COUNTRY 1918

Owing to the three weeks' vacation and the apparent lack of interest in cross country shown by the schools in neighboring towns, this season, Wakefield has been able to compete in but three meets. These were the Knights of Columbus open meet at Worcester, a dual meet with Reading High at Reading, and a dual with Medford High at Wakefield.

The Worcester meet was easily won by "Abe" Levine. He took the lead early in the race and was unchallenged. The order of the men next finishing was R. Batten, second; A. Burke, third; S. Levine, fifth; J. Reid, sixth; G. Clemons, seventh, and O. Butler, ninth. The score was Wakefield seventeen, Worcester forty-five.

The Reading course also proved to be an easy one for the local team. The order of the men finishing was: A Levine, first; S. Levine, second; J. Reid, third; A. Burke, fourth; O. Butler, fifth. Wakefield won fifteen to forty.

The only race over the local course was run with Medford High School. The order of the men finishing was: A. Levine, first; R. Batten, second; S. Levine, third; J. Reid, fifth; O. Butler, sixth, and A. Burke, seventh. The score was W. H. S. seventeen, M. H. S. forty-two.

No championships were held this year, but we have added another unblemished season to our four others.

—Capt. Raymond Batten.

INDOOR TRACK

The indoor track season was opened in early January by the Interclass meet. The Juniors finished on the top with forty-one points. O'Neil of '20 won the 30 yard dash, trailed by Frizzell and Hancock, also of '20. The winners of the "300" were: Batten '19, Draper '20, and Frizzell '20. The "600" went to the Seniors, with Levine and Reid of '20, second and third. The "1000" and mile were captured by Levine and Burke. O. Butler and S. Levine of '21 took the thirds. The high jump went to Seabury '20 and the shot-put to Low, a Sopho-

Hockey Team, W. H. S. 1918-19

SEATED: *Left to Right* — M. Griffin, Capt. L. Douglass, Mgr. O. W. Howland, Jr., J. Reid
STANDING: H. Hill, J. Riley, L. Cummings, F. Maguire, P. Avery, T. Dinan

Track Team, W. H. S. 1918-19

STANDING: *Left to Right*— Rene Loubris, James Lowe, J. A. Reid, Oscar Butler, F. Bowman, E. Frizzell, (insert) Coach "Joe" Duggan
SITTING— Leo Douglass, A. Burke, A. B. Levine, "Mgr." R. Batten, Capt. G. Seabury
LYING— R. Draper, S. Levine

more. This meet was a success in that it aroused interest and brought out new candidates.

Wakefield vs. Huntington

The first dual meet was with the strong Huntington School team, of Boston. Wakefield won 36 to 23, the meet being decided by the relay. The dash went to Huntington. Batten captured first place in the "300" and "600." Levine won the thousand and finished second in the "600." Burke ran second to Levine in the "1000." The shot put went to Low '21, with Batten third. Seabury tied with Stevens of Huntington, for first place in the high jump. Wakefield was fortunate in winning this meet for Huntington is no mean antagonist.

Medford vs. Wakefield

Medford was next entertained at Wakefield. The relay, also decided this meet for the local team. Draper, the Wakefield "ace," finished second in the dash, followed by Seabury. The "300" also went to Draper, who ran a pretty race from behind. The "600" was cleaned up by Burke, Batten and Levine. The "1000" went to Levine and Burke. Batten and Seabury took the thirds in the shot put and broad jump. An accident prevented Seabury from getting better than second in the high jump.

Wakefield vs. Lynn English

Wakefield next went to the English High of Lynn and was defeated 31 to 19. The cause may be laid to Lynn's cleaning up in the dash and high jump. Batten took first in the "300" and "600." Burke and Levine took two second places in the latter distance. Levine and Burke took first and third in the "1000". Second and third in the shot put went to Low and Batten. The relay was won by Lynn.

Lynn Classical vs. Wakefield

Lynn Clasical next entertained the team. Lynn won 33 1-2 to 23 1-2 through their taking all three places in the dash and "600." Second and third in the "300" went to Batten and Frizzell. First and third in the "1000" went to Levine and Burke. Low and Douglass captured first and third in the shot put. Seabury took the high jump. The relay was won by Seabury, Reid, Frizzell and Batten.

Wakefield vs. Lowell

Lowell next took the honors from Wakefield with a score of 45 to 23. Wakefield was unable to run Lowell's track which may account for the difference. Lowell cleaned up the dash. Batten took second in the "300" and "600."' Third in the "600" went to Burke. Second and third in the "1000" were won by Burke and Levine. The "800" was won by the latter. Low and Douglass took first and third in the shot put. Seabury took third in the high jump. Lowell took the relay.

Boston Interscholastic Meet

Four men, Levine, Batten, Low and Burke contributing six, five, four and two points, respectively, won the Greater Boston Interscholastic Meet held at the Boston Y. M. C. A. This is the second time the team prize has come to Wakefield, the track team of 1916 having won it that year. Levine and Burke captured second and third in both the "1000" and the mile. Classy fields ran both of these races and the Wakefield stars' stunt may rightly be called a good one. Batten won the "600" over a large field. Low tied for first in the shot put with a heave of forty feet. This also was a stellar performance, being both opportune and surprising.

The track team as a whole deserves credit for its accomplishments, for much hard work was done by both the team and its able coach, Joseph Duggan of Harvard and the results were fairly obtained.

—Capt. R. J. Batten, '19.

FOOTBALL

Candidates for the football team were called out the latter part of September. This is the first time for fourteen years that the "W. H. S." has been represented by a football team. Twenty-six candidates reported for practice and prospects looked bright to our new teacher-coach, Mr. Raymond P. Dower. In the course of a week the epidemic broke out and three games were cancelled besides practice. This was a bad handicap for the coach and team.

The team played seven games, winning three and losing four, these last being played with some of the best teams in the vicinity. The local team lost to Medford, Watertown, Lawrence, and Woburn. Woburn was beaten in a second game on their own field. Melrose suffered defeat at the hands of the W. H. S. Arlington, after a

tie game "came across" by forfeiting to us.

A squad of fifteen comprised the team; they were Leslie Cummings, R. Batten, E. Frizzell, F. O'Neil, A. Levine, J. Callahan, F. Maguire, G. Seabury, B. La Fave, A. Burke, R. Draper, R. Surette, H. Teakle, R. Muse, and L. Douglass (Capt.).

The backfield men were quick and full of pep, while the line held steady during the season, except in some cases which no team escapes. Cummings played a fine game and will prove valuable next season. Only five leave the team this year and the prospects for a winning team next year are indeed bright.

Much credit is due Mr. Raymond Dower, who coached the team this season under trying circumstances.

—Leo F. Douglas, '19.

HOCKEY

The hockey team has been the best this season for several years. More interest than usual was shown, and a great number of candidates came out for the team among whom were: L. Cummings, P. Avery, M. Griffin, H. Hill, T. Dinan, J. Riley, J. Reid, F. Maguire and L. Douglass.

There were five games played, Wakefield winning three, tied one, lost one. Our victories were over Melrose and Stoneham, Stoneham suffering defeat twice. Our tie with Milton was on account of poor ice. We lost to the fast St. John's Preparatory School at Danvers after a hard game.

Although not having much ice and only playing five games the team developed some fine players. Much credit is due Cummings and Avery for their fine form and team work; while Griffin is to be congratulated for his work in goal.

The scores of the games:

Wakefield 0—Milton 0.

Wakefield 3—Stoneham 0.

Wakefield 1—Melrose 0.

Wakefield 3—Stoneham 0.

Wakefield 1—St. Johns Prep. 3.

Our line-up of the team was as follows: Cummings (rw); Avery (lw); Dinan (r); Hill (c); "Cap" Douglass (cp); Riley Reid, Maguire (p) and Griffin (g).

—Capt. Leo F. Douglass, '19.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The election of the officers of the Senior Class was held by ballot during the first days of November, the result of which was: President, Francis Maguire; vice-president, Ida Low; secretary, Margaret Anderson; treasurer, Leo Douglass; executive committee member, Oliver Howland.

Immediately following the election a class meeting was called by the president, at which the class voted to hold the annual Senior Party on November 29, 1918. The dance committee was appointed which comprised the officers, with the president as chairman, and also Mary Kelly, Mary Neiss, Marjorie Sawyer, Raymond Batten and Ralph Reid.

At this meeting it was also voted to continue the publication of the "Debater," and the Staff, with Ida Low as Editor-in-Chief, was chosen by the class.

—Margaret Anderson, Sec.

The class of 1919 held its annual Senior Party in the Town Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 29, 1918.

The hall was tastefully decorated with flags of the different nations. The matrons were Mrs. Edward B. Kelly, Miss A. Irene Goddard and Mrs. Samuel Maguire. The little Misses Helen Fay and Gladys Douglass distributed dance orders. The Parker Orchestra furnished music and dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

The party proved to be a financial as well as social success.

—Edith W. Jones, '19.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

The class of 1920 elected officers on Nov. 27, 1918. John A. Reid was elected president; Frances Vincent, vice-president; Margaret Hurley, secretary; Ernest F. Frizzell, treasurer, and Wilbur M. Batten, executive committee member.

At a meeting of the class held Monday, Dec. 11, it was decided to hold the Junior Party Feb. 7, 1919. The committee on arrangements appointed by the president comprises the class officers and Helen R. Arnold, Margaret Howland, Mildred F. Willey, Wilbur M. Batten, Frank J. Hanright and William S. Wallace.

—Margaret V. Hurley, '20.
Secretary.

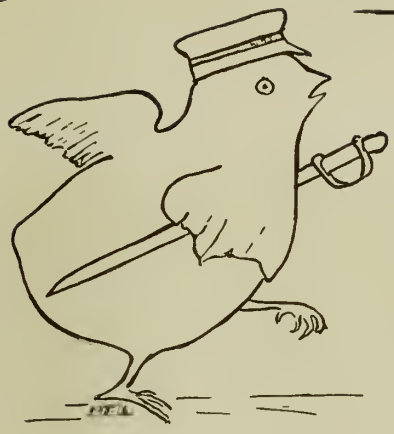
Football Team, W. H. S. 1918-19

Front Row: *Left to Right* — E. Frizzell, Capt. L. Douglass, G. Seabury
Second Row: Mgr. O. W. Howland, Jr., G. La Fave, R. Draper, R. Calahan, R. Surrette, A. Burke
Standing: R. Batten, L. Cummings, R. Muse, H. Teakle, F. Maguire, F. O'Neil
Coach Raymond P. Dower

Officers of the Wakefield High School Battalion 1918-19

Front Row: *Left to Right* — Capt. W. F. Maguire, Major C. J. Doyle, Jr., Capt. O. W. Howland, Jr., Capt. R. J. Batten

Back Row — 1st Lieut. R. A. Reid, 2d Lieut. J. A. Reid, 1st Lieut. F. Y. Magee, Adj. L. F. Douglass
2d Lieut. C. G. Peterson, 1st Lieut. H. P. Wilder



BATTALION NOTES

BATTALION NOTES

This year's drill was interrupted for four weeks, because of the influenza epidemic.

There are three large companies, and the boys are all co-operating with the officers, to make the battalion one of the best in the history of the school. The officers and non-coms are as follows:

Major Charles J. Doyle, Jr.; Captain Co. A, W. F. Maguire; Captain Co. B, O. W. Howland, Jr.; Captain Co. C, R. Batten; Adjt., L. F. Douglass; 1st Lt. Co. A, R. A. Reid; 1st Lt. Co B., T. Y. Magee; 1st Lt. Co. C, H. Wilder; 2d Lt. Co. A, W. L. Wallace; 2d. Lt. Co. B, J. Reid; 2d Lt. Co. C, C. Peterson.

Non-coms: Sergt.-Major, R. Draper; Co. A, 1st Sgt., R. Arnold; 2d Sgt., A. Levine; 3d Sgt., T. Lally; 4th Sgt., T. Dinan; 5th Sgt., A. Lyons; 1st Corp., C. Carr; 2d Corp. M. Griffin; 3d Corp., F. Bowman; 4th Corp. D. Sawyer; 5th Corp., F. Walsh; 6th Corp. J. McPartland.

Co. B: 1st Sgt., W. Batten; 2d Sgt., F. Snyder; 3d Sgt., H. Hanson; 4th Sgt., H. Hancock; 5th Sgt., R. Pearson; 1st Corp., A. Moncrief; 2d Corp., R. Surrette; 3d Corp., F. Hackett; 4th Corp. J. Anderson; 5th Corp., J. Low; 6th Corp. F. DeFazio.

Co. C: 1st Sgt., W. Garniss; 2d Sgt., A. Anderson, 3rd Sgt., R. Loubris, 4th Sgt., C. Buckman; 5th Sgt., R. Dolbeare; 1st Corp., E. Frizzell; 2d Corp. G. O'Neil; 3d Corp., O. Quimby; 4th Corp., L. Levine; 5th Corp., G. Ward; 6th Corp. C. Coon.

—Major Charles J. Doyle, Jr.

THE W. H. S. OFFICERS' PARTY

The Officers' Party was held in the Town Hall on Dec. 27, 1918, and was a huge success both socially and financially.

There was a short introduction to the matrons, Mrs. Charles J. Doyle, Mrs. Samuel Maguire, Mrs. E. F. Howland and Mrs. Thomas W. Batten. Following this was the grand march, led by Major Charles J. Doyle, Jr., and his sister, Miss Alice M. Doyle. The other Wakefield officers followed in order according to rank, Captain William F. Maguire and Miss Mae McCarthy, Captain Oliver W. Howland, Jr. and Miss Mary E. Kelly, Captain James R. Batten and Miss Margaret Howland, 1st Lt. Leo Douglass and Miss Katherine Kelly, 1st Lt. Ralph A. Reid and Miss Ruth A. Woodbury, 1st Lt. Thomas Y. Magee and Miss Mildred Mathewson, 1st Lt. Harold Wilder and Miss Luella Sidney, 2d Lt. William S. Wallace and Miss Dorothy Baker, 2d. Lt. John A. Reid and Miss Marion McKie and 2d Lt. Carl G. Peterson and Miss Margaret Anderson.

Following the Wakefield officers were enlisted men and officers from Gloucester, Medford, Stoneham and Woburn.

At intermission the audience and dancers were delightfully entertained by Miss Alice Doyle, soloist; Miss Mary Cronin, dancer; and Miss Helen Arnold, cornet soloist. The Parker Orchestra furnished the music, and dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Two moonlight waltzes were special features, adding greatly to the evening's enjoyment. The furniture was loaned through the kindness of Mr. A. D. Jenkins.

Major Charles J. Doyle, Jr. was floor director and had as his aides the other commissioned officers of his battalion.

—Marion F. Galvin, '19.

W. H. S. OFFICERS ATTEND NEW YEAR'S PARTY OF THE S. H. S. B.

The commissioned officers of the Stoneham High School Battalion held their annual Officers' Party New Year's Eve in Armory Hall, Stoneham. After a brief introduction to the matrons came the grand march led by Major Lawrence Craigie of the Stoneham Battalion, followed by officers from Gloucester, Wakefield, Medford and Woburn, and those in the service.

In the grand march the following Wakefield H. S. officers marched according to rank: Major Charles J. Doyle, Jr., and Miss Marion F. Galvin; Captain William F. Maguire and Miss Roselind Levitt; Captain O. W. Howland, Jr., and Miss Mary E. Kelly; Officer Batten and Miss Alice M. Doyle; 1st Lt. Leo Douglass and Miss Katherine M. Kelly; 1st Lt. Ralph Reid and Miss Margaret Hurley; 1st Lt. Thomas Y. Magee and Miss Mildred Mathewson; 1st Lt. Harold Wilder and Miss Alice Lannin; 2d Lt. John Reid and Miss Marion McKie; 2d Lt. Carl G. Peterson and Miss Margaret Anderson.

—Marion F. Galvin, '19.

MEDFORD OFFICERS' PARTY

Officers of the Wakefield High School Battalion attended the annual Officers' Party of the Medford Officers, Feb. 28, 1919, at the Medford Armory. After a short introduction to the matrons, came a grand march led by Major Otis Jackson of Medford, followed by officers from Woburn, Wakefield and Stoneham.

In the grand march were the following Wakefield officers: Major Charles J. Doyle, Jr., and Miss Edythe Leavitt; Captain William F. Maguire and Miss Dorothy Baker; Captain O. W. Howland, Jr., and Miss Mary E. Kelly; Captain Batten and Miss Mary McAuliffe; 1st Lt. Leo F. Douglass and Miss Katherine M. Kelly; 1st Lt. Ralph A. Reid and Miss Ruth Woodbury; 2d Lt. William Wallace and Miss Margaret Howland; 2d Lt. John Reid and Miss Marion McKie; 2d Lt. Carl G. Peterson and Miss Mildred Vance.

—Major Charles J. Doyle, Jr.

JUNIOR PARTY

The Junior Class held a very pretty dancing party in the Town Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 7. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags, palms and flowers.

After a brief introduction to the matrons, Miss Helen F. Gilmore of the faculty, Mrs. John G. Reid and Mrs. George C. Willey, dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Miss Ethel Batten and Master Rogers Fields distributed the dance orders.

During intermission the audience was pleasantly entertained with fancy dancing by Miss Ida Esner and cornet solos by Miss Helen R. Arnold, who played in her usual pleasing manner.

The result of the dance was exceptional, both socially and financially and much credit is due to the committee in charge consisting of: John A. Reid, chairman; Francis B. Vincent, Helen R. Arnold, Mildred F. Willey, Margaret Howland, Margaret Hurley, Ernest L. Frizzell, Wilbur M. Batten, Frank R. Hanright and William Wallace.

—Margaret V. Hurley, '20.
Secretary.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophomore Class elected officers as follows: Charles B. Carr, president; James J. Low, vice-president; Harold Teakle, treasurer; Cathleen Loughlin, secretary.

At a meeting held Jan. 6, 1919, the president appointed an executive committee comprising the following: Doris Brown, Helen Goodale and Carleton Coon. A color committee was also appointed, comprising Margaret Kelly, Gertrude Stearns, Doris Mayne and Ruth Brooks. This committee posted in the Sophomore rooms the combinations: Blue, white and gold; green, yellow and gold; and orange and black and gold.

On February 12, a meeting was called to select the class pin and colors. The pin was chosen from a design submitted by H. W. Peters & Co., Boston. Orange and black were the colors adopted by the class.

—Cathleen Loughlin, '21.
Secretary.

FUNNYGRAPHS

FUNNYGRAPHS

If you do not like these jokes,
And their dryness makes you groan,
Just stroll around occasionally,
With a few good ones of your own.
Ex.

French IV-III. Miss Anderson (translating) "I saw them like two lovers leaning against each other."

French III-A. Sargent (translating) "With cries of joy Harry and Bella ran into the saloon." (salon.)

The sun is afraid of the moon, but what does the atmosphere.—Ex.

Senior: "You want to keep your eyes open around here."

Freshman: "Why?"

Senior: "Because people will think you're a darn fool if you go around with them shut."

English IV. R. Batten—"The colonists sent tobacco and other vegetables to England."

Howland: "How does Clemons ever keep his hat on?"

Achorn: "Oh, vacuum pressure, I guess."

Physics IV. Mr. Preble: "Clemons, you're a great big boy of fifteen; what makes you act so?"

French IV-III. Douglass (translating) "A thousand things turned over in his head."

Physics IV. Clemons, reciting: "I then weighed the empty bottle, filled with a salt solution."

"I hear that Smith is dead."

"Yes, he slipped on a hardwood floor and broke his neck."

"Sort of a hardwood finish, eh!"

Teacher: "Are you laughing at me?"

'19: "No."

Teacher: "Well what else is there to laugh at?"

The Debater
hears that
the following
volumes are
to be
added to
our library.

A Study of the Mirror.
By Jackson Gilson.

Camouflage as practised by myself.
By Eugene Cummings.

How to please the teacher and 300 other hints. By Howard Achorn

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DID YOU EVER NOTICE:—

Cecil Teakles' socks—
or The remarkable resemblance between Margaret Howland and a famous screen star—
or The "way" that Maguire has with the ladies—
or Carl Peterson's spats—
or How amorously the young "Sophs" gaze at Ralph Alden Reid—
or How unlike each other the Kelly twins are—
or Peggy Anderson's dimples?—
or How Marion and John hate each other—
or How Ida Low loves to say "Debater"—
or The resemblance between "Frizzy" and a noted pugilist—
or Joseph Taggart's supercilious manners. ("Better look that up, Joseph")—
or Ralph Alden Reid's white socks and dignified collar—
or Douglass' grin—
or Where Doyle spends his recesses—
or Howland's feet—
or Where Maguire spends his Sunday evenings—
or Where "Pete" and Wallace spend their recesses.

French IV-111 (Miss Woodman makes a funny noise).

Miss Goddard: "If you feel that way, Miss Woodman, I should be afraid to have you around."

(Immediately Douglass makes a noise.)

Miss Goddard: "Do you want me to get worried about you, too, Douglas?"

Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling when you have to introduce an acquaintance whose name you have forgotten, to a girl you have just met, and whose name you didn't get.

Dr. Smith, B. V. D., C. O. D., P. D. Q., F. O. B.—"My college certainly takes an interest in its graduates. I just received a letter from the dean saying that he would be glad to hear of the death of any of the Alumni."

Achorn (taking a long hair from Howland's shoulder) "Who has been draping themselves around your neck?"

Howland: "Oh! only Doc."

Teacher: "What has been the dominant character of America's military program up to the last few years?"

'22 (who hasn't prepared his lesson) "Not prepared."

Teacher: "Correct."

Heard during the music period.

Maguire: "Don't you think that Reid has a rich voice?"

Howland: "Yes, it sounds well off."

French IV-II. Miss Kelly (translating) "Lucienne threw his arms around his neck."

Ima Nut: "Listen! I hear a funeral dirge."

Soa My: "Funeral dirge, nothing; that's the "canned" music in Room 14."

Physics IV. Preble. "What would we do if the sun was blotted out."

Clemons: "Turn on the electric lights."

Howland: (sobbing)? I've got a pet comb and I hate to part with it."

Douglas says: "Eat nine olives and then you'll like them."

French III. Levine '20. (translating) "You must never go out without your arms."

"Here's where I come in" remarked the painter as he fell through the skylight from above.

He (nervously) "Peggy, there's been something trembling on my lips for months and months."

She: "Yes, so I see; why don't you shave it off."

He: "What's the best way to tell a bad egg?"

She: "Well if you've got anything to tell a bad egg there's only one way—break it gently."

"Pay me the rent" said the heartless landlord to the poor musician and as Professor Sawstring gathered up some music and gave his oppressor a few notes his dog chewed away on a trombone.

Sweet Young Thing (at Football Game) "Oh! Look at those poor fellows rolling around in the mud. How will they ever get clean."

'22 (very green) "Huh, whatduyuthink our scrub team is for?"

"Give me Beach 3000."

Central: "Whatzematter, somebody biting you?"

Achorn: "Say, you ought to go out for track; you're good and skinny."

Howland: "I may be thin, but I'm not thin enough to run."

Ruth rode in my cyclecar,
In the seat in back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five,
And drove on Ruthlessly.

Howland: "Did you see those jars of cold cream?'

Achorn: "No"

Howland: "I wonder where they went to."

Achorn: "Perhaps Mentholatum."

If a person is suspended from school, the person who suspends him is a suspender.—Ex.

Howland: "A remarkable statistic here, old chap, showing that every time I breathe someone dies."

Achorn: "Great Scott, "Butts," why don't you chew cloves.

"Here waiter," said the man in the café, "tell the orchestra to play 'Carmen' while I eat this beefsteak."

Clemons: "Yes, sir, might I ask why?"

"I want to hear the 'Toreador's Song', I feel like a bull fighter."

I could write and write jokes
Until my finger tips were sore,
And still you'd hear some fresh one say
"I've heard that joke before."

English IV. Miss Ingram: "The man sits with his chin in his elbow."

French IV-III. (Douglas, translating) comes to word "coiffeur" and doesnt know what it means).

Miss Goddard: "Who cuts your hair?"

Douglas: "Mother."

Physics IV. Clemons: "The water that comes off the roof tastes like shingles."

How do shingles taste, Gardy?

He: "My ideal wife, is one who can make good bread."

She: "My ideal husband is one who can raise dough in the hour of knead.—Ex.

An Example of Freshman Poetry.

Oh, Helen I am dying,
Oh, Helen I am sick,—
Oh, Helen, heave a sigh for me—
And—Helen heaved a brick!

Respectfully dedicated to Richard Dolbeare.

Teacher (desiring to speak with Better) "Charles B. Better."

Carr (guiltily): "Yes'm."

'22: "I hear Rickards is going to be a bugler."

'21: "Well, he'll make a good one, he's got so much lip."

Miss Ryan: "I wonder if anyone is absent?"

Anyone absent please raise his hand.

Physics IV. Mr. Preble (to Miss Blake) "Laura, don't stand there and look at me, I'm bashful."

Physics IV. Clemons: "If you should go to bed at night and leave the gas on, you would wake up in the morning and find yourself dead."

Mr. Dwyer: "Tomorrow I will bring a rattle for Miss Carlson and a plaything for Coon."

English IV. Batten: "Franklin saw a woman sweeping the sidewalk across the street." Some broom, Ray.

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshman Class held its first meeting Feb. 11, at which the following officers were elected: Fred Grant, president; Selena Kalaher, vice-president; Margaret Corbet, treasurer, and Margaret Bucknam, secretary.

So far no other business has been transacted.

—Margaret Bucknam, '22.
Secretary.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Wanted by Doyle—A girl ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Wanted by the teams—more victories.
Wanted by the town—a new high school.
Wanted for the Freshmen—brains.
Wanted for the Sophomores—common sense.
Wanted by the Juniors—a sense of humor.
Wanted for the Seniors—Diplomas.

Mr. Dickey (to Mr. Preble) "Are you afraid of snakes?"

Mr. Preble: "Well, I must confess, I'm a little afraid of a rattler."

Mr. Dickey: "Oh, I'm not talking about your Ford."

'20: "I don't feel well, this morning."
21: "Where do you feel the worst?"
'20: "In school."

Teacher: "What does 'amo' mean?"
Freshman: "He loves."
Teacher: "No, I love."
Freshman (under his breath) "Who?"

"So you sent 50 cents for that advertised appliance to keep your gas bills down."
"What did they send you?"
"A paper weight."

Perhaps you think these jokes are old
And should be on the shelf.
But if you know some better ones
Send in a few yourself.

IMAGINE:—

Clemons—with his lessons prepared.
Howland—studying.
Batten—making love.
Achorn—taking anything seriously.
Maguire—getting to school before 7.58.
Douglas—without his usual grin.
"Ralphie dear"—playing football.
Maguire—getting lost in Medford.
Alden—without his dignity.
Doyle—not getting caught.
Douglas—with more than half of his French done.
Wilder—playing tennis.
Magee—in a dress suit.

Miss Elmer: "Our ancestors had just as hard lessons as these."

Fresh One: "Yes, and they're all dead."

Doyle (to Howland) "Say, 'Butts', why is it that she closes her eyes when I kiss her?"

Howland: "Well, give me your picture and maybe I can tell you."

(How could she help it.)

Miss Elmer: "Who has ever heard anything about Caesar?"

All hands raised.

Miss Elmer: "Who can tell me anything about him?"

All hands lowered except one.

Miss Elmer: "Well Andrew,—"

Fuller: "He died."

If some day you should chance to stroll into the Physics Lab. and see Howland looking intently into a small mirror don't jump to the conclusion that he's "stuck on himself." He's not; but is only doing an experiment on light.

If you would essay to have a square meal, purchase a bouillion cube.

Why do teachers say this: "Pupils, watch the board and I will go through it."

Mr. Preble: "I certainly do love my Ford."

Achorn: "Well, true love never did run smooth."

Mr. Preble: "What's the matter, Howland, having trouble with that question?"

"No, only with the answer to it."

Economics Prof.: "Show how wealth is the result of effort."

'19: "Her face is her fortune."

An argument against prohibition:—Consider the fountain pen, it does its best work when full.

Say, I wore pumps to the dance last night and now my feet are full of water blisters.

Willie: "Mamma, what's that stuck in papa's throat?"

Mother: "That's papa's Adam's Apple."

Willie: "And did he swallow it green?"

Mother: "No dear, papa wears a brass collar button."

Chemistry IV. Mr. Preble: "Who made the first nitride?"

Clemons: "Paul Revere."

Chemistry IV. Miss Kelly: "I can't see through you."

Mr. Preble: "Well, sit down here where you can."

Life is a joke, and all things show it,
Look at a Freshman, and then you'll know it.
Sing a song of Sophomores, sing a song of brains
Which are sadly lacking, though not so very strange.
Little bits of humor, little bits of bluff,
Make the simple Juniors, think they're just the stuff.

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